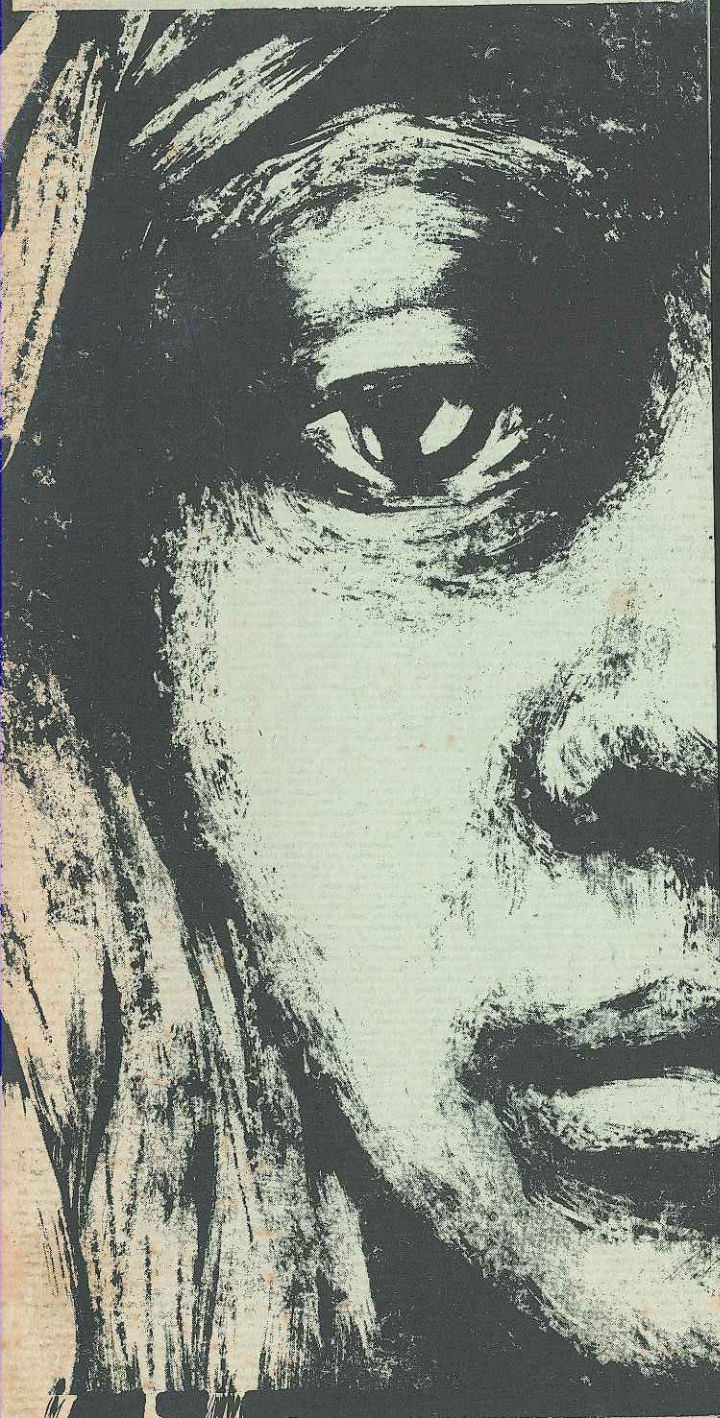


MEDIA



Tom Wheeler
Frank Eberling
Jane Baker
Constance Sims
G. A. Breitenbeck
Jane Spotts
Eleanor J. Wyatt
J. Milton Hastings
Joyce Woodyard
Wanda Feller
Terilyn Bias
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Joey Allen

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FOREWORD

MEDIA is one of the opportunities offered by Palm Beach Junior College for the creative development of its students. A literary magazine, it continually searches for new talent, and it takes pride in presenting as many samples as possible of this talent.

Contributions to MEDIA are judged solely by a student editorial board. The board is selected from students interested in writing, volunteers who give their time because they like to work with writers and writing. Each contribution is given a number when it is received in the editorial office, and all material is read and judged by this number. The majority of contributions receive a minimum of two readings; most are read three times. Final selection of material is done by vote.

Many worthwhile contributions have been rejected this year because of space limitations. The board respectfully thanks all contributors for their submissions and requests that they try again another year.

HAI-KU

Oh damned wretched eyes
I told you I didn't care,
So why still weeping?

Oh ugly picture
Painted by others' thoughts,
Are you really me?

J. Milton Hastings

HAI-KU

With the finger of suicide,
We puke up
Our sickly existence.

The aged speak, youth
Listens boredly, staring with
Blank and scornful eyes.

The knife flashes bright,
A man dies on the sidewalk.
Our doom approaches . . .

Shadowy graveyard . . .
The past, present, and future
Of buried mistakes.

The hobo gets off
The train . . . a tattered, worn suit.
The end of the line.

The draft card glows, burns —
On the street the man spits, laughs . . .
Disregard of laws.

The sermon is preached.
"Devout" parishioners sit —
Wincing as they heed.

Jane Spotts

THE OCEAN'S ANSWER

Lying on my back on the old concrete pier down at the Southernmost Beach, basking in a slight self-awareness of the afternoon sun on my skin, I sighed, world-weary and tired from the day's hard struggle. My mind was loose, my body near drowsy, as I lay there enjoying the sky and my private expanse of horizon. Conversation with myself flowed easily, while thoughts occurred to me at random like those answers that float slowly to the surface of an eight ball's inky depths. My thoughts were hardly answers tho', more in the way of mild observations on the nature of things and myriad vaguely plaguing questions on the same. I smiled at how much the sun's frosting on the white caps looked like those new silver dresses in *Mademoiselle*, and I recalled Dylan Thomas' telling me to "sing in my chains like the sea." I thought, "The world won't let you die, not really," and, "Oh Christ, I give up!" and then Shelley's lines about Hope creating "from its own wreck the thing it contemplates" floated on stage in my mind. Ah, the old fight was still there inside, the war among what it has to be, what should be, what can be, and, then, again, what is.

I had taken my "tranqs," my little green mellaril, and they had taken the edge off my desperation, but nothing, nothing could bring Lethe, but maybe death someday. The tug-of-war lay buried deep now, but alive and nagging, nagging even while the sea lapped against the pilings, trying so futilely to reach up and comfort her child so in torment. Superficially nonchalant in spirit, I still felt the fight within. What good then had it done to take the damn pills anyway! Ah, yes, but even "the sword wears out the sheath" and I had needed a moratorium so badly. Now I had it only to hate it, for I knew there could be no real rest until the end . . . only weakness. "Ah, dear Poe, 'the fever called living is over at last,' but it's not, Anne. Wake up!"

I was so tired as I lay there motionless although my engine was racing. So reluctant, almost incapable, was I of choosing any particular gear for all that unharnessed horsepower racking the hell out of my insides. And on top of all my abstract problems in being there, sat, like a stubborn toad, the persistent knowledge that I had an English paper to write, too. "How dare the particular annoy me when it's all I can seem to do to tread water in the angry throes of the general and the ultimate!" An English paper! How can I possibly write so soon? I'm not ready for 'emotion recollected in tranquility' . . . I have so much yet to live . . . Ah, well, excuses for lack of discipline, Anne. Is not the torment of 'borning' a paper part of life, too? But of course! All of life is life. So why so restless, panther? You will only rub your ebony, silk skin raw on necessity's chains. They will not give. But is there necessity? And if so, then what is Necessary? Ocean, give me the answers. Don't let me die without knowing — if only that all there is to know is that there is no knowing until death."

So the time passed — first the passion within me, then the peace of the scene around me ruled. "Ah, that incredible afternoon sun, raining sequins on the ocean, showering silver on the breakers,

soaking everything in a tantalizing warmth." I relaxed a little; I took a breather, took a hold, and wrote for a while. Not thinking, but writing, I covered a page with some poetry, phrases, ideas mostly, but a start. The time wore on; torn between fits of actionless agony and intervals of actual writing, I passed what must have been a good while, although I have no specific idea of how long I spent there on the pier's end.

After a few moments, in about my third creative burst, I stopped, exhausted. "Oh, I can't! I can't! I can't! I won't! Why should I? And just because I don't know the "why" doesn't mean I needn't . . . Ah, Ocean . . ." and I lay there papers in one hand, musing, "Sea and wind and endless sky, awesome in your loveliness and life, what is your secret? How does Nature handle her battles, for surely she wars too— what makes breakers but the meeting of incoming and outgoing currents? Life is a struggle and the only rest death; and there is no death except for life. So I *must* live, and fight, and write . . . But why now, on this glorious afternoon, with the wind so . . ."

Just then, that very wind snatched my writings from the hand that it had helped to relax and blew them off into the water. I jerked up, but alarm hardly had time to form within me before I grinned a slow and easy smile.

There was my answer. "It is too soon to write," I thought. "The ocean has answered me and taken back what I was about to betray."

The papers, strangely, did not sink. Instead, the gentle swellings of the sea unfolded them and spread them on the surface as if to read what it had written; and I was glad the sea had stolen back what I felt I'd stolen from her.

I watched the papers ride the swells for what seemed an endless time, and then, for some reason, my peaceful certainty began to fade from me just as the ink was washing off those wet pages. Suddenly I wanted my papers back, wanted them terribly. It all seemed such a waste for the particular to dissolve and disappear. I realized then that the value in living lay in one's collection of particulars. "Oh my papers!" and I was desperate for them by now. "I'll do anything to have them back — they are me and I do not want to vanish unformed, to be washed away, wasted!"

Strangely tho', I did not move to their rescue. I sat paralyzed, mesmerized by the scene of my soul's children floating there, being washed into oblivion. "Oh, I *will* get them back. I have to. *Knowing* I need them, this is the Ocean's answer. Oh, clever teacher, but painful lesson."

Frantically, I tried to figure out how to retrieve my now precious poetry. The currents had carried the sheets a hundred yards or so away. Jumping off the pier would save no time over swimming out to them from the beach, so I ran, aching in every fibre, back the length of the pier, down to the seaweed strewn beach, into the shallow surf, and stopped. I stood for a long moment in that sunset; I stood searching the sea for my unsinkable sheets of glory, but they were gone. And only then, after a long quiet time did I finally know the whole of the ocean's answer.

Anne McChristian

REFLECTION

I once loved: or thought I did,
Each for his own little trait:
A winning smile, a lock of hair,
A toss of the head, I didn't much care.
But somehow I found that in loving,
It's for what one is worth:
The things that are shared: joy and sorrow,
The awe of each new dawning tomorrow.
I was such a child, it's hard to believe
That yesterday I knew nothing.
I feel so alive now, and wiser too—
It's all because of having once loved you.

Linda Eller

DEATH IN THE DARKNESS

I sat in my hole and shouted back,
At the yellow men who began their attack,
And answered round for round their fire,
And stacked their bodies before our wire,
And called for naval artillery,
To send the rest to eternity.
I threw grenades till my arm grew sore,
And kept on throwing till I had no more.
I fired my weapon till the barrel grew hot,
And watched with horror the huge red spot,
That grew in the chest of my enemy,
As he died in attempt to eliminate me.
I stacked their bodies by the score,
But they kept on coming, hundreds more.
And in the light of a flickering flare,
I saw the dead before me there,
And I continued to fire at the living until,
That wave was close enough to spill,
Its blood and guts into my hole,
And rob me of my very soul.

William Mizell Sadler

APOTHEGMS

Green parrots jabber,
As they sit on their crackers,
Which are still in view.

The calm, short night comes;
And the snake without a foe
Sighs and bites himself.

A yellow leaf falls
As a puppet pulls it down.
The strings are now taut.

A white lamb's blood flows,
While a mortician embalms
His nomenclature.

Heinrich Beddich

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL

What work more wondrous could man's hand devise,
What greater glory to the world make known
Than this cathedral soaring to the skies,
A lovely living litany in stone.

What radiance of apostolic fire,
What anthem by angelic chorus sung
Could match the silver splendor of its spire,
In Gothic gladness heavenward upflung.

What yearning of the hungry human heart,
What daring dream of the eternal dawn
Cries out in this epitome of art,
The voice of anguished ages long since gone.

What nobler offering to God above
Could, through mere artistry of mortal men,
Be wrought in tribute to redemptive love
Sent down to earth and given back again.

Eleanor J. Myatt

DREAMS NUMBER ONE

Orange, yellow, and red,
exploding in my head,

patterns precise,
haze, then a blaze,

eyes on fire,
soul devoured,

dreams.

Christopher Batchelor

DREAMS NUMBER TWO

I float
in the sky
nine miles high
 dreaming
 gleaming
 screaming

I float
in the sky
nine miles high
 gloomed
 doomed

I float
in the sky
nine miles high
 dead.

Christopher Batchelor

ENVY

A leaf hung dangling from a twig.

Deserted by its branch mates

It hung.

The wrinkled dying leaves of brown

Watched and gloated

At the stricken splendor of the flaming leaf of red and gold

Their jealousy robbed them of life

So they were glad their gorgeous cousin

Should die before his time.

A final twitch—

The radiant leaf fluttered bravely to the earth.

The shriveled leaves in treetops

Laughed, and laughed again, and laughed so hard

They blew themselves to the ground—

Dead.

A skipping schoolgirl found the leaf of red and gold,

And loving it, committed it to immortality

By tenderly placing it within the pages of a treasured book.

A sulky, angry boy

Raked the withered, dead, malicious leaves

Into a heap

And burned hem. They died again,

In the red agony of flames,

And their ash is envy.

Jane Spotts

THAT BLUE SWEATER

It was four o'clock now, and he was on his way out to the parking lot for the third time since that afternoon's 3:30 dismissal from class. He shaded his eyes from the sun with his hand and once again scanned the empty parking lot. His eyes followed the long drive out to the highway, and in the distance he could make out many cars, but none of them hers. Jeanie was half an hour late.

Yesterday, they had been together and worked everything out. She was to pick him up after his last class, and then go with him over to his place to cook for him a spaghetti dinner (his favorite) as she had done every Friday night for the last two months.

"Don't forget, tomorrow at 3:30, O.K.?" he had said to her.

"O.K.," she had answered in that funny way of hers which seemed to mimic him. That was the one thing he couldn't get about her, he could never tell when she was kidding. She was always making fun of him. And now, here it was, four o'clock.

For the first little while he thought that maybe she had gotten tied up in traffic or something like that, but after waiting for half an hour, he was beginning to get pretty mad.

On his first trip out to the lot, he had expected to find her waiting for him in the usual spot, but when he came out all he saw was the parking lot being emptied as quickly as the highway outside could absorb the cars, and here and there a few other students waiting for their rides. He had gone back into the Administration Building then, to wait where it was cool and buy a coke. But after drinking it slowly and even chewing all the ice, she still had not arrived.

It was on his second trip out to the parking lot that he happened to notice a girl, alone half leaning—half sitting on one of the rails that went around the lot. She was kind of tall for a girl he thought, but still shorter than he, and she had on a pair of those sunglasses with the thick plastic octagonal lenses like little stop signs to cover each eye. Her head was bent low and she was concentrating on something she held in her hands which, when he got closer, he saw was knitting.

From what looked like a sweater, a thick strand of blue wool dangled off from the needles and disappeared into a large shopping bag that rested between her ankles. She looked up at him when he passed, but quickly dropped her head again.

"Not bad," he thought as he returned the glance and eyed her quickly.

He returned once again to the Administration Building. Seeing the phone in the corner he walked to it; and after a short stop to comb his hair in his reflection on the glass door, he entered the booth and put a call through to Jeanie's place. "Maybe she forgot," he thought as he listened to the ten rings before he hung up in disgust.

On the third trip out to the parking lot, he had started to think more about their conversation of last night. At the time he thought it might have been a little strained, but that was nothing unusual for Jeanie. Lately she had been acting strangely and when he would

talk to her she was slow to respond, and would sit there as if she was lost in some thought, something far away and unrelated. And when he questioned her about it she would seem to snap out of it, shrug her shoulders, and try to cover it up with that light laugh of hers. But still there was something distant about her. Isn't it funny, he thought, how you could see someone so often for such a long time (the two months had seemed to him a long time) and think you know them inside and out, but really not know them at all?

The conversation had almost ended in an argument, he repeatedly saying he knew something was the matter, and she, just as often denying it, until finally she had told him to "knock it off," that *nothing* was wrong. That had been just after he had confirmed the plans with her about dinner for tonight.

As he approached the lot once again, the bright hue of the girl's knitting caught his eye and he found himself watching her. As he studied her, he noticed that she seemed to be upset over something. He watched her as she made a mistake and started pulling it out, and it made him smile. It was then he decided to talk to her.

"Looks like someone forgot about you, too," he said, still smiling.

She looked up at him from her work.

"Huh? Oh yeah," she said bitterly, making another mistake. "And I feel like ripping this whole damn thing out!" she added, pulling long lengths of wool from the heavy bright blue sweater. "He promised faithfully that he would be here forty-five minutes ago, and here I stand like a fool making him this sweater. I swear, he never thinks of anyone but himself. It gets me so mad . . . You're waiting for someone too, eh?"

"Yeah," he said. He looked at the sweater and thought what a horrible color it was. But at least the thought was there, he guessed. "She's a little late herself."

His thoughts returned to Jeanie once again. She gave him a pain too, sometimes, but he had always managed to overlook it. He had been thinking more and more about her recently, and it made him mad because it seemed that she had been thinking less and less about him. But that's the way it had always been with them, now that he thought about it more. He was always making the plans and carrying the conversation, and she just sitting back, enjoying the attention, but with an air of indifference that both puzzled and annoyed him. He was beginning to wonder whether or not she felt about him the way she always said she did whenever he asked.

"Maybe it just slipped his mind," he said hopefully to her.

"Slipped his mind? I only reminded him about eighty times last night not to forget," the girl said sarcastically. It almost sounded as if she were going to cry, she was so upset. He hoped she wouldn't.

"He's always doing this to me. He couldn't be on time if his life depended on it. This is it, though. Boy, I've had it! Just wait 'til he gets here!"

He thought he heard her snuffle then, as she pursed her lips and returned to her work. He said nothing in return and the conversation ended as abruptly as it had started.

He pushed his hands deep into his pockets and shrugged his shoulders as he looked off into the distance to where the highway was becoming crowded with the early commuter traffic.

They stood there in silence, she knitting the sweater for her boyfriend, occasionally looking down the long drive to the highway for any sign of his car, and he, hands in his pockets, staring at the ground.

He looked down at the blue sweater in the girl's hands and immediately he thought of Jeanie. Her lateness had him worried.

It had all started out so perfectly between them. Was there really anything wrong even though she had denied it? What had she been thinging about these last few weeks that had made her seem so distant to him? Why wouldn't she tell him what it was? Had he done anything that would've made her act this way? He tried to think of what it might be, but could not. He had always done everything he could for her. Maybe that was it, he thought; maybe she had just been losing interest in him.

He looked up to see a car pull into the drive. He watched it as it traveled the distance to the lot and then to where he was standing. The car was a battered old green Ford, and when it stopped in front of him it made a little cloud of dust rise from the graveled lot. Inside was a boy no older than he, and wearing a wide, sheepish, little-boy smile.

The girl looked up as the car came to a halt, and with one motion, picked up her knitting bag from the ground and ran towards the car. No longer able to control her frown, she smiled widely and threw her arms around the boy, who was getting out of the car, already making explanations.

They stood that way for a moment, the boy mumbling apologies in the girl's ear, and the girl shaking her head, telling him it was all right. Then the girl hopped in the front seat and the boy picked up the knitting bag with the blue sweater, and carelessly threw it into the back seat and jumped in after her.

As the car pulled away, the girl released her hand from her boyfriend's, turned, hesitated for a moment, and then waved briefly to the boy left behind. He returned it with a slight little wave and watched the car until it pulled out onto the highway and got lost in the traffic.

He stood there watching the traffic, thinking. In his mind he could see that boy picking up that blue sweater the girl had worked on so hard, carelessly tossing it onto the back seat. He thought of Jeanie and the way she always acted whenever he had tried to make her happy. He stood for a moment, just thinking and staring, until in the darkening distance he could see a city bus cruising slowly towards the stop in front of the school. He turned, picked up his books, and headed towards the highway. If he hurried he could make it.

Frank Eberling

TIMEPRINTS

A face,
When new, is bare
With nothing written there;
But wrinkles speak of things untold
Yet done.

Jane Baker

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL

If all life's beauty could at once be caught,
All meaning of its fleeting essence sought
In one transcendently enchanting spot,
It might in this age-hallowed sacred plot
Be found, where Avon waters mirror azure sky,
A slim cathedral spire ascends as high
As human hope sprung from the lowly sod,
That longs for union ultimate with God,
Whom vaulted paradise and humble earth
Alike created, joyously gave birth
To loveliness such as now fills this scene
With all that is, will be, has ever been.
All yearnings, struggles, visions, laughter, tears
Of men, millennia of bitter years.
The heights to which all worldly souls aspire,
The noblest triumphs that all hearts desire
In this vast miracle of masonry
Are blended in a perfect harmony—
The handiwork of heaven and of man,
Who in this place his Lord has dared to scan.

Eleanor J. Wyatt

TO KNOW YOUR PRESENCE

I wanted to share with you,
The falling star
I saw the other night,
When all the earth was suspended
In a golden flood of light
From the yellow moon
Which swelled and rolled
Against the drifting clouds.
But you weren't there.

And when I awoke one early morn,
In awe to watch the tulips
By my window
Unfold their silken skins,
And raise their velvet heads
To meet the newborn sky,
I wished you to be there with me
And to marvel at its living loveliness
While you sigh softly into my hair.
But you weren't there.

Just as the time at the summer carnival,
When I was too much afraid,
To open my hand
Clenched on the railing
Of the little red box
Which thrust me up —
Then jerked me sideways and down,
I grieved to have you
Beside me on the seat,
Your hand over my own, to say:
"Do not fear. It's just a game."
But you weren't there.

And how I felt at the party
I danced and laughed and sang
But in my heart I was sad,
For want of you had burned my soul
And tortured my dying spirit
Beyond endurance.

And I wanted *not* to be happy,
I feared to experience joy
While you were gone.
I hungered to know your presence.
But you weren't there.

Joyce Woodyard

MEMORY

I remember . . .
I remember the sky,
The bluest blue of any sky.
I remember the water —
Cold green waves
Crested with tossing white foam.
I remember the sun-dazzled golden sand,
Hard and warm beneath our feet,
Stretching for miles into the distance.
I remember . . .
I remember the crowds and laughter,
And the surge of joyous emotion,
Which captures the soul.
I remember the boardwalk —
Bright lights, loud music,
Youth with sparkling eyes.
I remember the sun beating down,
And the smell of salt spray
and suntan lotion,
And the feel of sticky sand
Against moist skin.
I feel the sun on my face
And my dripping hair against my neck;
I taste the hot dogs and cotton candy,
Hear the music, smell the popcorn,
And see the cars, multicolored, bumper to bumper,
And the excited crowds which fill the sidewalks.
It is all here with me
Because I remember . . .
I remember Daytona.

Jane Spotts

LOVE IS

Love is a walk on a sandy beach,
Love is a star just out of reach.
Love is a movie that makes me cry,
Love is a flock of birds in the sky.
Love is exchanging that special look,
Love is reading a poetry book.
Love is the color that makes the sky blue,
Love is simply . . . being with you.

Betty Fuller

THE THINKER

As I walk through the swill of society,
I get an urge inside of me,
To forget the norms of conformity,
And walk by myself, alone and free.

To cast off my bonds and walk alone,
And not worry about the oats I've sown,
Tell the people I'm almost grown,
Forget the world and be on my own.

Laugh at the runners in life's rat race,
Stroll alone at my own slow pace,
Lie in the sun in some quiet place,
Forget authority I won't have to face.

Run free down life's broadening road,
Singing a song or writing an ode,
Flexing my limbs that will never be bowed,
Living my life by my own sweet code.

Standing on top of adversity,
Trampling out hope for mediocrity,
Doing away with believers in hypocrisy,
Making things be what they seem to be.

Now I've determined the world's great stink,
I'll forge ahead, I'll never blink,
And write it all down with paper and ink,
But I'd better not; what would folks think?

William Mizell Sadler

YOUTH'S LAMENT

What can I do? What can I say?
There's a war on, Buddy, and youth must pay.
Youth is bulwark to adversity,
He's just nineteen so can't you see,
That when the bugle begins to blow,
He will be the first to go.
He must fight through the slush and mud,
And discolor the land with his guts and blood.
He must look into the Gorgon face,
And die with his feet firmly in place.
For there'll be no running from this stinking hell,
When the cause is pealed by the Liberty Bell.
Yes, he must stand and fight 'cause he's young,
And after he's dead the songs will be sung,
Of how he fought through the fields of dung,
And never lived but died so young.
And what of life he never knew?
The thousands of young the enemy slew,
Must they die in their holes on a starless night,
Dying without knowing for what they fight,
Defending a life he had not time to live,
I say unto you, how much can he give?
Lying face down in the paddies of rice,
I'll tell you sir, he paid a dear price,
He's lying there and likely as not,
He died fighting for something he never got.
Must he die virgin for what he paid?
Without living life must he be laid,
Beneath the closing curtain of soil?
Must *he* die in the pus of Asia's boil.

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William Mizell Sadler

IN THE FOREST OF THE NIGHT

"How on earth could Tom lose his glasses? Is he really all that blind? What a damn fool. If I were that blind I'd tie them on. . . . Dammit, they know I hate to be alone. . . . Why didn't I take Tom into town? Why didn't I speak up?---It'll be dark soon. God! Please let them return before it gets dark. . . . They can't! I know they can't." Dick's thoughts ran wild as he watched the jeep disappear in the pines. "They're gone," he added. His heart felt empty and fluttery as he continued to watch the spot where the jeep had disappeared.

At last he turned back to the campsite. He switched on the radio to fill the emptiness and began to prepare the camp for the night.

He ventured out of the clearing in search of twigs for a fire. A rabbit stirred from his burrow in the underbrush and scampered across Dick's path. Dick jumped and let out a muffled cry. His body, which had become filled with fear, now trembled in relief. "Why do I scare so easily?" His heart still pounded wildly. "It was only a brown rabbit. A harmless brown rabbit." He shrugged his shoulders in annoyance with himself. He walked back to the camp and put the twigs he had gathered on the dying fire.

Dick entered the low green tent and emerged with a coffee pot and some bacon. He put a grill over the fire and prepared to fix some dinner.

The gay song coming from the radio was suddenly interrupted by the announcer. "Special bulletin-----I repeat, this is a special bulletin!" he said, his voice concerned. "A tiger has escaped from the Casey Boswell Traveling Circus. He was last seen entering the woods off State Road 12 just this side of Hickory Falls. This animal is dangerous. I repeat, he is dangerous!"

"Oh my God!" said Dick aloud with disbelief. He switched off the radio and said, "I don't believe it. I don't want to hear it. This would happen now. Why me?" His eyes stared off into space, seeing nothing. He could not move from the spot where he stood. After a few minutes he regained his self-control.

He entered the tent to get his rifle. He opened the bolt to be sure that it was loaded. When he returned to the campfire, the coffee was boiling and the bacon was nearly done. He sat down near the fire on a campstool and said aloud, "Tom, Jim, please come back! Please hurry!" He looked at the fire a moment before he realized his food was done. "Oh, dinner's ready," he said aloud again. "I can't eat. I'm not hungry anymore. Don't come here, Tiger. Don't---Stop it!" he said, pleading with himself. "Hickory Falls is five miles from here. . . . Why do I get so upset? He's probably been captured by now anyway. . . . Turn on the radio and see." He paused, looked at the set but couldn't bring himself to turn it on. "Damn you! Coward. Afraid he's still loose aren't you?" he asked aloud. "Well I am afraid!" Unconsciously he

checked the rifle chamber several times as he talked with himself. "I might as well eat. It's there. It's done. Hell, I have to do something."

Dick continued to speak aloud. It seemed to make him feel less alone . . . less helpless.

As he ate, the sun dropped quickly behind the trees. It cast eerie shadows upon the forest floor. Dick became hyper-conscious of every sound of movement and every voice in the forest.

He had finished drinking his coffee and was putting the cup down when he saw it! He froze with the cup still in his hand. About ten yards in front of him were two yellow beads of light about five inches apart. Dick saw them look straight at him, then turn away and survey the camp. He stared at the fiery yellow lights as if in a trance.

Dick fought the feeling of panic and reached for his gun. As he looked away from the lights he heard a stirring in the underbrush. When he looked up again the eyes seemed nearer, more fierce.

He brought the gun up to his eye and aimed. He pulled the trigger. A terrifying silence followed. The sound of the shot, had it not misfired, could not have been as loud or as shocking as was the deadly silence which followed the empty click of the hammer release.

Dick died a little in disbelief. His head sank forward. His heart stopped a moment and then pounded wildly. When he was finally able to look up again a cold sweat was dropping from his face. He couldn't take his eyes from the beast. It controlled him. He could not move. It continued to move closer.

A warm breeze crossed the clearing causing the pines to quiver. Suddenly the beast crouched down and then sprang into the air. Dick fell to the ground letting out a terrified scream!

.
"What was that?" asked Tom.

"Sounded like a scream from camp. Sounded like Dick."

"Poor Dick—if he heard about the tiger he'll be scared to death."

The jeep bounded around the last curve and bounced into the camp. They were horrified to see Dick's body lying beside the campfire. Jim ran and turned Dick over. He stared into Dick's wide-open, glassy eyes. Tom stumbled from the car and made his way over to Jim and Dick.

"He's dead, Tom! There isn't a mark on him but he's dead!" Jim stood up in disbelief. A flash of light in the darkness caught his eye. No more than ten yards away were Tom's eyeglasses, swinging gently with the breezes on a branch.

Constance Sims

TODAY

Today is an absolutely beautiful day! Rolling over, I grabbed Mike's neck and whispered, "Hey dog, today is here." He yawned, showing his long white teeth which always fascinate me. Slowly, he stretched each fur covered leg till it could go no further, then bounded out of bed dragging my pillow with him. I sprang out behind him, grabbed the abandoned pillow, and hit him over the head. Then my mother's words rang in my ears.

"Can't you act like a lady, instead of a thirteen year old tom-boy?" she asked.

It's not that I don't like my mother. I do. It's just that I'm young, and I see no reason to live today only as a steppingstone for what I'll be tomorrow. I should be able to live today, as what I am today. Poor mom. She just doesn't understand. But I remembered I promised to try to grow up.

Mike grabbed the soft pink pillow in his jaws. Laughing, I ran naked into the shower. Hot showers are not for today. The morning is crisp, I feel alive! A cool shower, a cold shower, will blend with the day. My blood will surge, and everything will be fresh. The water came out like streams of ice, but I lathered quickly, using the rose molded soap that my mother claims "all young ladies love." It didn't smell good.

"Shut up Mike, I'm hurrying as fast as I can." I wish I could go naked all the time. Never, ever wearing clothes.

Mike poked his black nose through the cracked door, and broke my chain of thought. He solemnly watched me dust my body with soft talcum. I rubbed a handful of the white powder on his nose, and we left the scented bathroom.

The terrazzo felt firm beneath my feet. Like the foundation of a house should feel. My mother always says something about my future home; some bit about a weak foundation, unless, of course, I grow up. It's not fair, though, that I can only be a kid for fifteen or sixteen years, and then an adult for forty or fifty years.

I abandoned her homilies, and decided naked bodies and the cool morning were perfectly matched. But if I expect to face the world, my body should be clothed. Yesterday's yellow shorts lay crumpled beside my South Florida sweatshirt. Their lifeless appearance depressed me. Turning from them, I entered my closet and fingered the shapeless fabrics in the closet's darkness.

The closest I can come to complete freedom in pants are my once-upon-a-time white cords, to which my mother had reluctantly consented. They rest three or four inches below my waist, precariously held by my boyish hips. I won't wear a sweatshirt to please her. But I can't wear a ruffled blouse on a day like today.

My simplest blouse is a blue and white polka dot shell. It just meets the top of my pants, and leaves my stomach bare, and my arms free to feel the wind.

I tossed the blouse onto the unmade bed. Its starkness contrasted markedly against the flowered sheets and ruffled spread. I slipped easily into the slim pants. I suppose I never will gain any weight. But today my lean body agrees with me. It feels light. I pulled the blouse over my head, and was relieved by its lightness. I still can feel my body under the gossamer coating of clothes.

"Mike," I said aloud, "you are much more patient than anybody in the whole wide world." He growled as if he had reached the point of absolute boredom. I picked up his stiff hairbrush from the clutter on my dressertop and began combing his midnight coat. With each stroke his long hair glistened in the morning sun. I bent and kissed his strong forehead and scratched lightly behind his ears. Responding to my affection, he leaped forward, knocking me to the floor. We rolled on the cold stone feigning each other's playful attacks. Mike grabbed my arm in his mouth, shaking it back and forth as if he was going to take it off. I turned my head only to be met by his paw in my open eye. I decided it was time to go outside.

"C'mon dog," I yelled. Yellow sun filled the dark living room, when I threw open the heavy doors. The cool air ruffled my unbrushed hair and flushed my cheeks. It was quiet out there. Cool and quiet. Both Mike and I stood on the line between their world and ours. At the same instant, we broke into a run, trying to catch the morning's life. Tomorrow I'll grow up.

Karen Anne Fedak

BILLBOARDS

Billboards selling latest truths:

Medicare

and

Bathroom tissue.

In the city! On the freeway! Politely covering the
countryside — hiding those ugly flowers.

Thanks.

Angeline Albertson

SMOKE

A thin winding trail of black,
contrasts markedly
against a snow white hill,
then subtly blends with green pines
as it climbs gently
upwards.

Belching gray puffs
mar the dawn,
as Engine #48
chugs enthusiastically
past nodding men.

Scattered cars honk in merry greeting
white swirls seemingly proper then
lightly over pitted roads.
rosy cheeked school children
skip quickly,
and blow frosty billows of air.

Someone's smiling mother,
pours steaming coffee
into a blue patterned cup,
and a burly father teasingly blows
foul smoking clouds
into his squirming child's face.

towering furnaces
etched against the sky
vomit voluptuous black clouds
into the crystalline air.

There are more thin trails
trains

cars

people

and carbon colored waves.

Pure snow is transformed to gary,
dark gray
and finally black.

Pregnant clouds burst!

A flurried snow covers the blackened earth.

The smoke,
all of the smoke,
is gone.
Through the poised silence,
when the awe struck dare not step.
A huddled figure,
bowed with age
enters the glowing house of her Lord.
Trembling,
a gnarled hand lights a candle,
and the wispy incense
curls above her reverent head.
The red furnace still towers,
although the once voluptuous waves
are now but ripples in the sky.
On the freshly covered street,
yawning schoolchildren no longer giggle
at frost puffs made by their
warm breath.
Thin streams of cigar smoke
encircle dad's head and mother
tiredly lights the furnace for another cold night.
Irate drivers honk wildly,
spewing masses of suffocating smog,
while weaving erratically among the traffic.
Even Engine #48 chokes
and gasps,
her last bit of steam is worn.
And the earth is again black,
black with night,
black with smoke.
But the above knows it will fade.
It will trail as incense
softly upwards.
A thin winding trail of white,
contrasts markedly
against a pitch black hill.
Then subtly blends with green pines,
as it climbs gently
upwards.

J. Milton Hastings

VOICES IN THE CROWD I

WAR JUST AIN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE

"Mr. President, the Joint Chiefs are waiting for you."

"Hell, let 'em wait."

"But Sir they've been waiting for over two hours and well, it's almost dinner time and . . ."

"Mac, I need your advice on something."

"Of course, sir. What seems to be the matter?"

"That damn Hershey called me again and said he needed a hundred thousand more men. He said he's tried everything but this younger generation are so 'chicken' that the old slogans and battle cries we used in the past just aren't working. He said we need a new line to give them, something fresh that they can all identify with. Ya got any ideas?"

"Well sir, you understand this isn't in my line. Maybe the boys in advertising . . ."

"Don't pass the buck, Mac. All I want are some ideas."

"Well, let me think for a moment. How about courage? I don't think we've used that in a long time. Appeal to their ego. Tell them if they go over there that they've got Courage."

"Hmmm, not bad, not bad . . ."

"Hi."

"Hi."

"What does your daddy do?"

"My daddy's a fireman. He saves people from burning buildings."

"Wow, that's great!"

"What does your daddy do?"

"He's in the Army."

"Gee, that's too bad."

"Hey, you!"

"Excuse me?"

"You, up there in that palm tree."

"You mean me?"

"Who else do you think I mean? What in the hell do you think you're doing up there?"

"I'm eating bananas, Sergeant."

"Well, I'll be damned! Don't you know we're fighting a war?"

"Yes sir, but I consider this an immoral war. We have no business in this country. It's not our war."

"Well, I'll be damned!"

"Probably."

"Son, you're a marine and it's your duty to come down here . . ."

"Sergeant, I am a free thinking individual who has been placed in this situation by the evils of the society in which I was born. It is my undeniable right to protest this war and the society which created it. Do you understand?"

"All I understand is that if you don't get your tail down here by the time I count three I'm going to kick it from here to Saigon."

"I hear they got computers working on the income tax now. I gotta start being careful or I'll be taking a little vacation at Leavenworth this year."

"That don't bother me. I got a system that's fool proof. They'll never get me."

"Hey, Fred, will you look at that!"

"Is that a boy or a girl? Look at that hair. Ya know, Eddie, when I see kids like that and think about all those young boys dying over there in Vietnam, it makes my blood boil. What's the matter with these kids. You'd think they'd want to help support their country like good citizens ought'a."

"I know just what you mean, Fred."

"Hey man they got ya, huh?"

"Yeah."

"When ya leaving?"

"Next Tuesday."

"When you went down there didn't ya tell 'em about your bad knee?"

"Yeah, but they said it was good enough."

"What about your eyes?"

"Said I could wear glasses."

"I thought ya were underweight?"

"Yeah, but they told me they'd fatten me up."

"Wow."

"Say, how come they ain't got you yet?"

"I'm going to college."

"Oh."

"You were in Da Nang a couple of weeks ago weren't you?"

"Yeah."

"Did you see that Bob Hope Christmas show?"

"Yeah."

"Was it any good?"

"It wasn't too good."

"Why not?"

"He kept looking in the camera all the time."

"But Mom and Dad, I'm not leaving the country because I'm afraid. It's just that I can't justify the taking of another human being's life under any circumstances. Don't you see this is a baseless, purely economic war. The only thing we'll gain from this war is additional revenue for our economy — and at the cost of human lives. I just can't convince my conscience that it's right. I'm sorry."

"Why you little . . ."

"Henry, don't lose your temper. It's just a phase he's going through. He'll out grow it."

John Thuren

SIGNS OF NATURE

I'm walking through the meadows
 watching the signs of nature,
I look upon the trail as I go
 using the sun as my leader.

Well my heart followed on a whippoorwill
as he sat on a flower still,
and the roses seemed to say
that something special going to happen today.

I passed upon a flowering hill,
 till then I was alone
Then I saw a girl picking daffodils,
 and singing a pretty song.

Well I said hello,
 but she did not hear,
Again I said hello,
 and she looked up with a tear,
 crying this mournful girl,
 as she wrote in the soil
 for she was deaf
 and many years ago her hearing had left her.

My eyes peered into hers, and seemed to dwell,
it was a magic moment she had chosen,
for leered I was into a magic spell.
 for now

We're walking through the meadows,
 watching the signs of nature,
We look upon the trail as we go,
 using the sun as our leader.

Well our hearts followed on a whippoorwill,
as he sat on a flower still,
And the roses seemed to say,
that something special has happened today.

We passed upon a flowering hill,
 no longer alone.
We picked the daffodils,
 and I sang a song.

Though she could not hear me,
she did not fear me.
Together our eyes followed a dove,
and I knew it was a natural love.

Richard Vidulich

SOIREE

I look to the shadow-sharp mirror,
Waiting on the wall
(For that one purpose),
My own face framed by moving figures
Behind (yet ahead).
Looking deep (and ever deeper)
I find myself in solitude
Apart from the glow and murmur,
Of this (rudely) bright world
(Succumbing to the softly burning vacuum
Of that same glow and murmur) . . .
So lost am I in thoughts of my hallowed dwelling
And (the finite or infinite distance
Between that and)
The world in which I barely exist
That I do not see, at first,
And (suddenly) am aware that
My world is backwards.
Yet as I sorrow
(And have not yet mourned well enough)
I realize once (and ever, ever again)
That, though my world is far
(So many ways) from them,
It is mine (only)
To be shared by none
But those who care to look my way . . .

Michele Orvis

ORANGE SUN

On the wing of a thought I sail
to the land of the orange sun,
in the sea of dreams.

The sun never shines,
except in our minds.

Rain is like a shower,
of fire balls red and yellow.

Life and death are one,
in the land of the orange sun.

Christopher Batchelor

LONELINESS

One flower in a field.

One fish in the vast seas.

One mountain in miles of plains.

One tree with no fruit.

One star in a dark sky.

One loving heart with nothing to love.

One man without God.

Genie Henderson

HYPOCRISY

Truth tears with flaming fingers

To destroy the last shred of self-deception

And leaves only ashes of what might have fooled itself into
Something Grand.

Jane Baker

A MORNING PRAYER

Daylight.
Morning's coming
Fast over the river.

It flows on breezes to the sky,
Thru the black seeps silent, and while
The world sleeps nestled under mist,
And strongest stars yet solemn rule,
New forms break with greater power,
And faint new colors take command.

Some far off Redwing, not able
To bear the beauty longer, sings.
Too foreign here for song, I bow;
I breathe the thick and muddy air,
And chill my stomach meek and damp
With odour of the womb-wet day.

Till Life has awakened
And daybreak been,
I stand.

G. A. Breitenbech

THIS SILENT MAGIC

The rain pounds earthward,
I lift my face towards the heavens as though my eyes can
curb the downfall.
I grip my coat and gather it tightly around me as the wind
tugs at me.
And I walk . . .
The waves rush in with destruction on their minds.
They crash to the shore, angry and turbulent.
A lonely gull struggles against the force of the wind as it
caws its solitary cry.
The sand sticks to my legs as I walk . . . alone . . .
with my head down.
I look skyward again and my face is wet with rain . . .
or tears.

Betty Fuller

WHEN I FIRST SAW YOU

When I first saw you
On my first day in her English class
I thought,

“I like that boy,
I want that boy,
And I’m going to get that boy.”

Well, I haven’t got you yet,
But I’m still trying.
And maybe I never will get you,
But I won’t give up.

I don’t know why you attract me so?
I do know that I’m glad you do.
I only wish I attracted you too.
I can’t seem to attract anyone.

But you,
Well, you seem to attract everyone.
You’re quite good-looking.
That’s not what attracts me.
I think maybe it’s your heart.
Yes, your heart,
And what you are,
And the things you like.
That’s what attracts me.

Your heart,
It’s so kind, so generous.
It wants to help and not hurt.

You,
Well, you are just what I want,
Someone I can talk to,
Someone to comfort and to solace me.
Someone I can trust,
Someone I can depend on,
Someone to like me,
Maybe not as much as I wish,
But at least as a close friend;
And especially,
Someone to make me happy.

The things you like
Are the same things I like;
Animals and that kind of stuff,
Sports, especially football and golf,
And people, all kinds of people,
And happiness.

I'm jealous of you too.
Yes, jealous of you.
Because you have parents,
That are more than parents;
They are your friends too.
And I'm jealous because you have someone;
Someone to turn to,
When no one else needs you.
I don't want to set the world on fire,
Just start a little flame in your heart.

Genie Henderson

TWO FACES OF NATURE

The stars were sprinkled glitter on a velvet banner
And the herald moon announced the night in silent manner.
Soft breezes wafted through the swaying sentinels,
The trees bend to the ground in their great fury.
I listened to the ocean's muffled roar
And thought of endless wave on endless wave
Breaking on the white expansive shore . . .
Then — turning into frothy foam and with no mercy,
The ocean sends its whip lash out to flick and flay.
The trees bend to the ground in their fury.
And the moon and stars hide from this fearsome sight,
They do not show their light.
I contemplate this thing, I also pray.

Mildred Kallioinen

THE BLUE MAXINE

The morning dew had not yet settled. Out of the west came the unmistakable roar of a French Spad, advancing towards the German lines.

Its pilot, Heathclif Schwartz, took a cigarette from his gamy flight jacket and held it in front of the twin Vickers machine guns. Then he fired a burst and brought the smoldering weed back into the cockpit and banged his fingers.

He looked down at Mother Nature's masterpiece—the green, flowing fields of France, where tyrants would never reign.

He turned away before a tear could form and looked straight down the crevice between his two Vickers. He lovingly caressed them and wiped a speck of grease off one of the sights.

Heath remembered his old college chums who had signed up with him. What a great team they all would have made! But, Heath alone could pass the rigid standards of the physical. And now, alone in the sky, he was an American pilot flying a French aircraft into German occupied territory, smoking a Turkish cigarette and wearing Egyptian cotton.

His mission was to check the countryside to see whether or not the Germans had gone away because the French wanted them to.

He stuck his head into the cockpit of the Spad. He tossed many things around that had somehow accumulated inside. A whistle, a bag of marbles (mostly aggies and cat eyes), a rain coat, shrapnel caught over Verdon, and a small, brown paper bag containing some licorice drops.

Before he could pop one into his mouth, the crack German anti-aircraft cannons were shooting the hell out of him! Great black splotches spurted up in front of his plane and tried to force him to the hard, cold, green, flowing fields of France where tyrants would never reign.

He gained altitude and tried to circle back, to tell the French that the Germans were still there, but got caught in an air pocket. Skillful as he was, the air pocket did what the flak couldn't and he ended up in a drainage ditch.

Heath peeled off his helmet and flying goggles then removed an oil gauge from his forehead. He pulled the stick out of his naval and lifted his body out onto the ground.

"Oh, the pain!" he cried, grasping his toes and pulling hard. "Oh, the pain!"

Looking up, he saw a lone German soldier sitting on the ground, cutting out thousands of paper warriors and placing them on the surrounding rocks.

"Hallo," said Heath, not realizing his danger.

"Heil!" replied the German Corporal.

"What is it you're doing here?"

"Sorry. I don't speak a word of English."

Heath watched as the Corporal stood up before his army and stuck his right arm straight out into the air.

"Heil!"

"Won't you please tell me what you're doing?"

"They won't let me have my own army so I am making one."

The Corporal showed Heath what he was making the dolls out of. It was a poor grade wall paper with little ships all over it.

"What do the ships signify?" asked Heath.

"Friendships," replied the German, passively.

"Well, I really must be going. Long way to Tipperary, you know."

"They told me I needed help. Who needs help to start an army?" mumbled the Corporal.

"Poor man," Heath thought. "Wouldn't hurt a fly."

Heath was going west through an open field, a dangerous place to be in time of war, but he was loving every minute of it. Even though the French countryside seemed extremely brutal, with rocks sharp enough to pierce a doughnut and pits that could break a woman's leg, he had only a single comment:

"It looked beautiful from the air."

Suddenly, Heath stumbled onto a farm house. His tormented body wanted to cling to a rock, but his racked mind would not allow it that blessed moment of peace. He knew he must get to the farm house because the beautiful French maiden who, naturally, would reside within, would not be attracted to a soldier in perfect health.

He closed his eyes and when he opened them again he could see only high roof beams. He was in the farm house and he just knew his nurse would be a voluptuous beauty who was raised on ambrosia and nectar and whose delicate hands had never touched a mop.

"Oh, *mon ami*, are you feeling better?" she asked, passing a golden hand across his forehead.

"YES, SIR!" He shouted, snapping his heels together and saluting.

"Oh, he is delirious!" she screamed.

"A little *vino* would help my condition," Heath whispered.

"*Mais oui!*"

Healthy, but not too keen of mind, thought the downed pilot, as he watched her wiggle down a ladder and into the wine cellar.

At this moment, Heath started to think about his college pals, his chums, who were found unfit for military duty. There was Joe Mammoth, who was now working for the New York Props football team, and Mooham Ally, the prize-fighter. And who could forget George Pellican, the social worker-free lance actor? What an altruistic soul! Gave all his money to his father, so that he could eke out a meager existence. Last he had heard of him he had made the fatal mistake of dating a high-class society dame and lost all of his friends on Cannery Row. Great bunch of guys!

The little French nymph glided back into the room with a huge bottle and two tumblers.

"Ah, the grape!" thought poor Heath, lying on his back.

"Here you are, *le petit*. I hope you did not miss me?" she asked, flashing her brown eyes and handing him a wine glass.

"Yes, I missed you. How could I stand to be away from you for an instant? By the way, what's your name?"

"Suzette. But everyone just calls me Frenchy."

"And you learned English from the convent?"

"No, from other soldiers."

"In spite of that, a toast to you, Suzette. A beautiful name for a beautiful girl. *C'est joli*," he ended, turning his glass upside down and allowing the cool liquid to refresh him.

"Marvelous!" he continued. "I'd stay Burgundy, 1901, from the village of Langres, south part of the vineyard." He took another sip, seld it in his mouth for several minutes then swallowed. "Sorry, I could just make an educated guess at who tended the vines."

"Mr. Bon- . . . uh, *Cheri*, I'm so sorry but you are wrong. All I had was this ginger ale, from our colonies in Canada. The Germans drank all my brother's wine."

"You French have such a knack for making things taste like something they . . . Brother? Where?"

"He is in town. He should be back before nightfall."

Heath wiped away some small drops of perspiration that had formed on his forehead.

"Have you been a soldier long?"

"Since before the war," he lied.

"Tell me about some of your exploits," she said, excitedly, lifting his money clip from his pocket.

"Gladly," he said egotistically. "I suppose the most vivid adventure I ever had was the time I was flying lead in a squadron of sixteen planes. We were heading towards the Saar Valley to bomb some installation. Ah, how good are you at geography?"

"I never went to school."

Well, the Saar is very deep in Germany which made the mission terribly difficult. About half way there, a swarm of Jerry triplanes dove right down on top of us, shooting everyone out of the air but me."

"Ohhh!"

"All I could do was shoot every one of 'em down. And I did. Of course, now I had to complete the mission single-handedly.

"I flew my plane due west and soon came upon the target. Just before I was ready to let 'em have it, flak filled the sky. I was truly amazed at what poor shots the Germans were. They don't have American ingenuity, you know. Anyway, the flak didn't stop me from planting six bombs smack in the middle of this armaments factory.

"Of course, I did have some difficulty trying to get out of there. As I turned my aircraft east, I was met by at least 400 German planes. My fighting spirit told me to charge, but prudence told me to fly south, which I did.

"Then came the real danger—tall trees. Usually, I keep my eyes on the sky continually, but for some reason I was not watching where I was going."

"Enemy aircraft?"

"Right! That's it. Enemy aircraft. Anyway, I hit this tree, a birch, I think. Well, I could see no way of getting down. Except a long shot—by unraveling my woolen, home-spun socks."

"I no understand 'home-spun'."

"Well, Suzette, you see everybody in America has a mother, which is a great American tradition. If not their real one, then a proxy. And, this mother is always part Irish, part Italian and part Jewish. So, when her son goes off to war, she always knits him several pairs of woolen socks. I had worn them many times before and now saw the chance to get rid . . . a, to get mother into the war, the Great Adventure."

"L'aventura."

"Was that a crack about my mother? Anyway, I unraveled the socks and tied the yarn together. Then I climbed down the tree and escaped to France."

"Oh, that was absolutely, how you say, exaggerated?" she asked.

"Exhilarating!" he corrected.

Just then, the cottage door swung open and there before them stood an enormous man, at least six-and-a-half feet tall, wearing a laurel wreath on his head, knee boots and holding a scepter. He looked at them a while then spoke.

"Vive la France!"

"This is my brother. Charles—"

"I am France!" bellowed the giant.

"What does he mean 'I am France'? Doesn't he mean French?"

"No, he means France. He really thinks he's—"

"The poor chap. What happened? Shell-shocked?"

"We don't quite know, but he's been this way for the past seven years."

"Enough! Out! Get out of my country! After you have freed it, of course. But immediately after that OUT!"

Silently, Heathclif left, blowing a kiss to Suzette. Then he set out to rejoin his unit.

Weak and weary, he found his way back to the airstrip where he was met by the new commanding officer.

"Where have you been, you malingering S.O.B.?"

"I was shot down, Captain," answered Heath, after giving the required salute.

"Well, let me tell you something, bub. I'm from Missouri. Independence. Ever been there? You gotta show me."

"Show you what, sir?"

"You're just like all those critics. Knockin' my daughter's singin'. That reminds me, I have to go write a letter, after I finish with you, bub."

"Sodbuster," thought Heath.

"Now where, exactly, did you lose the Government's money?"

And off they went to find the plane.

Tom Wheeler

THE CHARGE OF THE CAR BRIGADE

Half a space, half a space
Half a space onward
All in the parking lot
Drove the brave students.
"Forward the Car Brigade!
Charge for that space!" they cried:
Into the parking lot,
Drove the brave students.

"Forward, the Car Brigade!"
Was there a one dismayed?
Not tho' the drivers knew
Some two had collided:
Theirs not to make complaint,
Theirs not to meditate,
Theirs but to execrate;
Into the parking lot
Drove the brave students.

Cars to the right of them,
Cars to the left of them,
Cars to the front of them,
Sputtered and rumbled
Stormed at with mud and muck,
Boldly they charged and stuck,
Into the parking lot,
Into the soft sand
Drove the brave students.

Flashed all their grillwork bare,
Shrilled they all their horns there,
Bumping each other there,
Charging a space while
The planners wondered:
Plunged in mud and muck,
'Gainst each fender they struck;
Mustang and Chevy
Reeled from the clanging shock,
Recoiled and shuddered.
Some would give up, but not—
Not the brave students.

Cars to the right of them,
Cars to the left of them,
Cars in back of them,
 Sputtered and rumbled;
Stormed at with mud and mire,
Of the joust, none did tire,
Those who fought the best
Came through the long contest,
Found they their place of rest,
No parking place was left
 Left for the students.

When can their glory fade?
When will the lots be paved?
 Some one has blundered.
Honor the charge they made!
Beware the Car Brigade!
 Oh, fearless drivers!

Terilyn Bias

FRIENDSHIP

People are beings who need understanding and friendship;
They need the love and warmth that only being with others
 can bring.

And there are certain people who give of themselves
In a way that makes your heart burst to sing.

A friendship can bring sadness and tears,
Heartfelt sorrows and woes;
But a friendship can also be kept through the years,
Bringing gladness, happiness, and joys.

You gave me something special
Something that's hard to find;
I'll remember and treasure it always—
Something of yours that is mine.

As it is said, "A friendship is of true value,"
You'll never know how much ours has meant to me;
And all I can say is, "I want to thank you
For sharing a part of yourself with me."

Linda Eller

RAIN

Leaves black and slick with rain,
Minds slack and sick with pain,

Loneliness,
Emptiness.

The broken heart cries out in fright,
Answered by the rainfall in the night.

Rain pounding on the roof above my head,
Rain sounding like a summons from the dead.

The misery in my heart,
Tearing it apart,
Is soothed by the thunder of the rain;
It cools my pain.

Is slows and sizzles on the street,
Then lulls to a murmuring so sweet,

And with a quiet sigh,
It whispers, "Die."

Pattering now on the roof above my head,
Softly calling "join the dead."

No, no! I cry, I must go on,
Though life is empty since he's gone.

The darkness will grow light —
The rain **WILL STOP TONIGHT.**

This softly falling rain of sorrow
Will end — the sun will shine tomorrow!

Jane Spotts

SPRINGTIME SPLENDOR

I step softly e'er I crush the fresh new blades of grass,
Having had a chance to wave in warm spring breeze,
And felt the rain drops cool and rays of sun,
They lift their slimness to the sky . . .
To grow straight and tall and fragrant.
They wear their dew drop jewels in the morning sun,
In colors glorious; pink, blue, white and gold . . .
Shimmering brilliants that no man made gem can match.
I sit me gently on the turf beneath a tree,
And taste the sweetness of a tender blade of green.

Mildred Kallioinen

I HAD A DREAM LAST NIGHT

I had a dream last night, I
Was in a place where no one was.
I was alone, engulfed in the
Terrors of my own soul. I heard
A voice, I touched a hand, but turned
To find nothing. I was
Lost, deafened by the unceasing
Scream of silence.
My God, when will I wake?

Dwight Duncan

ISOLATION

Around its roots in savage, frothing, deadly fury,
Raged the icy waters of the limestone spring.
Half the roots in water streamed;
Half the roots on isolated boulder clung,
While up upon the right hand bank
Grew age old Beech, and Oak in forest growth;
And in the valley, upon the left, younger trees strove
In fertile black soil, and bathed in dappled leaves.
The young Ironwood tree begot by straying seed,
Clung to its isolated boulder home . . .
Its straight, strong trunk bent by the wind against the sun
Leaned towards the water, and dying roots.
"What cruel hand of fate so placed my seed,
Upon this—my boulder home—soon to shed my leaves:
To shed my leaves for eternity for want of nourishment—
The living past upon my right . . . the future upon
my left?"
The wind that blew its dormant seed, and shaped its growing
stem,
Knew not the seed of the wayward Ironwood tree . .
The seed picked up in gusty gale from out of the many.
Fated to its boulder rookery before its birth . . .
Swept from perennially shadowed loamy loes . . .
Caught in the changing, lethal currents of time
It was doomed to live, and breathe the purest air,
And to search for nurture where only stone remained.

Humphrey Childers

HOW DO YOU FEEL?

How do you feel?
If I could know
And understand
What makes you so
Content to stay
The way we are:
 So close — and yet
So far. Too far!
Perhaps then I would
Be prepared
To bear the hurt
of losing —
All the love
We never shared!

Joyce Woodyard

BLEAK LITTLE GIRL

Bleak little girl.
What lurks in your little child's mind?
Dead puppy dogs, and homosexual fantasies
Or coloring books running red with blood?
Oh tiny child,
How can we ever see the hurt you
 have known!
You never cry, never laugh,
 only sit and stare
 into the night.
It rains forever in your mind.
Happy hours never fill your dreams.
Houses — slums and vast unknowing
 have been given you.
Oh child I cry for you —
I pray for you —
It only we could rid you of
 your torment!

Wanda Feller

A VISION OF LONELINESS

I looked
into a cup of tea
and there I saw
one lonely fish
in the massive sea.
I looked again
and there I saw
one child's wish
to belong,
one small dog
his master, forever lost.
One dim star,
breaking through the fog.
I looked
once more
and there I saw — myself.

Pat Callahan

MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD

Beneath the bridge the Cherwell's flow
Continues through the years
As streams of scholars come and go
With youthful hopes and fears.
The garden flowers bloom and die
And briefly bloom again,
To be forgotten by-and-by
Like Magdalen's young men.
The deer within the shaded park,
Reflective, munch their grass,
As once more through the cloister dark
Some noisy tourists pass.
Indifferently, while from the tower
The bells impatient chime,
Still speeding on each fleeting hour
Of swiftly ebbing time.
And so beneath the aging span
The Cherwell onward flows,
As each new youth, soon grown to man,
Who quickly comes and goes.

Eleanor J. Wyatt

MY SECRET SORROW

They don't understand the fire in my heart;
The fire slowly rekindled as with a bellows
Every time I feel the breath of life
In hearing a kitten cry for cream,
Or see a rainbow arching its way through the sky.

How the fire blazes!
It roars and leaps as
Torrid flames against the
Hardening, soot-blackened
Walls of my heart.

I try to keep the raging inferno within me,
But, its heat has melted my resistance
It has drained away my strength.

I'll watch a puppy chase a yellow butterfly,
Or a newborn lamb snuggling its mother for warmth,
And nature breathes again
Onto the glowing embers in
My spiritual furnace.

The wonder of it all!

How marvelous to be such
An intimate part of the miracle of creation.
To be so much as an earthworm,
Eating tunnels through the ground;
Living, never loving,
But, learning the
Life-giving secrets of
The soil and the sod.

Or to be a moth,
Stepping out bravely for the first time
From my cotton-like cocoon,
On uncertain feet,
Staggering under the weight of
My new and mysterious wings
Fluttering awkwardly, eager and impatient
To take me out into the world
To fly; to exalt in my aerial glory,
To mate, knowing I must,
And then to know the fear
Of my inevitable dying.
But, when I'd die my death without reason,
I'd know that I had lived, not in vain,

But, for a purpose —

For somewhere; on a tree, a branch,
In the dusty corner of an old attic
Would be the proof of my existence:
A small, cottony cocoon,
So like the one which housed *me* when unborn,
Over which I toiled unendingly until
I felt tired, so *very* tired.

I'd rest
And die—
Never to see my young
Or to know again
The rapture of life.

How the fire blazes!

Why do I have to be human,
Yet unhuman,
Sentenced to walk blindly
Through a world of life and beauty,
But, tortured by the knowledge of my blindness?

Knowing that I don't feel even a fraction
Of the torrent of emotions
To be felt,
Or hear at all the simple quietness
Of the flowing rivers?

Why wasn't I born a blade of grass?

Why couldn't I be a bird, a flower,
A tree, the sky?!
To commune more fully
With the earth, *and* God?!—

Instead of having to hate my drab environment
Of commerce, money,
And insensitive people.

Why *must* I be me —
When I *could* be that puppy —
Chasing the yellow butterfly?

Soon, I won't care
For my fire is burning itself out,
And I'll become one of *them*.

Let it burn!

Joyce Woodyard

LEAVES

Leaves of Autumn, they fall down,
softly floating to the ground.
Like your love without a sound,
I see you go, as I drown
in the sea of leaves of brown.

I shudder as I fall
like leaves in a swaying breeze.
Just like you, no longer tall
I join the decaying leaves.

Winter come
your life is through
Love has gone
not like you
When I fall
I turn blue.

For the leaves a snow came,
winds no longer a breeze
Now I am turning lame,
suffering in the freeze,
please.

Leaves, Spring is here
your leaves turn green, and life is none to lack.
For me, I start a new year
not wanting to be seen, I want my lover back.

Leaves surrounded by friends of yours,
and Nature be your open door.
Not like leaves I am lost
to sighing more and more.

Rains have fell
beating like a drummer,
And the Sun will tell
the leaves it is Summer.

Hailed with glowing color
the leaves shine in June.
Failed have I, growing smaller
weeping under the moon.

Leaves, I die, you grow taller
and I sing a sorrowful tune.
Leaves, Leaves, bring a caller,
bring her to me soon.

Richard Vidulich

R. I. P. — '67

Well, the end of the year—I'm glad that it's finished—
Basketball flourished and baseball and tennis.
Intramural sports boomed to new highs.
Even the cheerleaders heaved mighty sighs.
They'd shout and they'd scream to "Go, fight, win, team,"
But when it was over we were behind by sixteen—
Runs or baskets—it matters but little,
For we were always stuck on the griddle—and *FRIED!*

The one event I missed—there were no demonstrations—
No burning of crosses or racial relations;
No one was knifed or beat up or robbed—
No one dared call the fraternities snobs;
No one called in to report a bomb scare.
There was relative quiet on the subject of hair;
The Beached-Comber continued to print their views
Oh come now you couldn't really call it news—could you?

Draft card burning for us was not.
We got our kicks driving the parking lot—
Dodging the potholes and oozy slime—occasionally getting
An indiscreet pedestrian.
No opium, heroin, LSD,
We stuck to beer and Canadian whiskey.
If you wanted more thrills you could drive through Lake
Worth
And curse the old people—for what it's worth.

There was relative quiet and so you see,
We're leaving quite a legacy.
And when we look back on our fond memories,
We'll realize—it wasn't where it's at, at PBJC.

Charles Mauro.

ONCE THERE WAS A MAN—OLD JESS

All week the talk around the store had been of Old Jess's death. Some made jokes about it, saying he'd be washed for the first time in years; others were more relieved, glad to see the frightening old man removed. Still others were concerned with what would become of his property, and if there were any relatives. Few were sad.

The first time I saw Old Jess I was belly-down in the middle of a field. I had been exploring the territory around the little grocery store my dad had just gotten when I came to a big field fenced off with barbed wire. I was under the wire and half way across the field before I heard him. The old man was yelling and shaking his fist from the doorway of a house half hidden in a clump of holly bushes. I skittered for a high bunch of weeds and hid there, watching till long after he had disappeared into the house. When I had worked my way back to the store, I told them about it. Gave it a bit of a twist: I said he had chased me with a shot gun.

The next two days I could think of nothing but the old man standing in the doorway. On the third day I was back in the field creeping as close as I dared to the house. The old man wasn't home; I was a bit disappointed, but more relieved. The house was small and square, like a cabin, a concrete cabin—a concrete cabin that had never been finished. It still needed the last layer of concrete and paint; there were window frames but they had no glass, and the doorway had no door. Old and unfinished, it made an eerie sight in the growing darkness. I left.

As the days passed I still wondered about him, but not enough to cause another venture to the field. I was thinking about him one afternoon while I was in the back, sorting pop bottles. By this time my imagination had him eating grubs and insects and going out nights peering through windows. When I turned around for another basket of bottles, he was there—looking at me. My throat turned hard and I went numb. He glanced away. Unable to move, I stared at him as he stood in front of the counter. He was big, with a long, thick body and strong arms. His face was covered with the beginnings of a gray beard. It was an ancient face, a face with one pallid color and one set expression. He was dressed the same way he was that first day in the field, in overalls and a dirty gray sweat shirt. All of him—his hands, his face, his clothes—smelled of the old corn cob pipe he carried. The stem had been taped and the bowl had been wired. The store held his scent long after he had walked out.

Afterward he came more frequently. He bought only two things: a box of Bugler pipe tobacco and a bottle of olive oil. Then, when the cost of the cheapest tobaccos was fifteen cents, Bugler was a dime. But Bugler was his tobacco—smoke it and take two table spoons of olive oil and you'll never have a sick day. He paid with his black tarnished money, recently dug up, and went outside to sit.

In front of the store were benches where customers sat in the mornings and afternoons. Old Jess was as regular to those benches as he was to his Bugler. All day, sometimes, he'd sit, talking to my dad in the slow hours of the morning and hitting at flies with his stick for the rest. He mumbled a dialect I tried hard to understand. Those few words I overheard and was able to decipher were always of politics or business or people. Words not different, but quite definite.

One night—and now it's the night I remember most clearly—he and dad were sitting in the store (the bugs were too bad to be outside) talking over the day's legislation. The conversation moved to how things used to be in the beginning, after the Civil War. Dad asked how old he was and he answered "eighty-four—today." We wished him "Happy Birthday" and dad went and got him a carton of beer as a present. I can't tell what passed when dad handed him that beer; he showed his thanks by a bit of red around his eyes. Never before or after that night did I ever hear him speak of himself or his family; his pioneer days in Florida; his wife, long dead in the wilderness; his sons who never came to see him; their wives; his father. As he talked his eyes became more red and wet. With his finger he wiped the tears into his whiskers.

As the years went, so did his eyesight. He made the trip across the field less and less. When he didn't come around for a week, some started asking about him. When he hadn't been seen in nearly two weeks, they went to his house.

The ambulance came. While they cut him out of his clothes and took him away, he begged to be left alone in his house.

He died that night.

G. A. Breitenbeck

SO TELL ME

So tell me
That you love me,
To hear such whispered lies
Would hurt no more
Than reading in your eyes
That loathsome lust
Which drives you on.

A need which I can understand
And even know
When you come near —
Yet hate for all its selfishness
And long for tenderness in fear
Of life?

Joyce Woodyard

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF 13 YEARS

(i went to kindergarten too)

So here it is Friday already
and I'm on a great threshold
of my life.
In a week I'll graduate and finally be
Out.

So here on Friday
On this great threshold of my life
what do I look forward to?
Monday . . .

But it'd be okay if
I was back in fourth grade
Cause back in fourth grade
Weekends were fun
Cause Sky King was on . . .

So here it is Friday noon already
and I'm wondering what to do
Tonight?
Maybe I'll go out with the boys
And go to the dance and get smashed

For a change . . .
But it'd be okay if
I was back in sixth grade
Cause back in sixth grade
the only people I knew about
Were the boys . . .

So here it is Friday evening already
And we're driving around
Looking for some as usual,
And as usual
We're not getting any
And, come to think of it,
The usual is not very
unusual . . .

But it'd be okay if
I was back in seventh grade
Cause back in seventh grade
We were told that
Looking for some
is immoral and that
Sublimation
is next to godliness . . .

So here it is Friday night already
And we're All sitting around
the hamburger joint
Trying to convince ourselves
That WE'RE the winners
And everybody else is a loser.
So how come
Nobody's here but us?

But it'd be okay if
I was back in second grade
Cause back in second grade
Hamburger joints were fun
on Friday night (with your parents).
Where did the Catholics go?

So here it is Saturday already
and I can't wait
and more of the same.
I'd watch the game of the week
Except the TV don't pull in
that station and anyway
the Cubs are playing
the Mets . . .

But it'd be okay if
I was back in fifth grade
Cause back in fifth grade
I was one hell of a baseball player
Until the mosquito-
filled night when I caught a ball—
With my teeth . . .

So here it's Saturday afternoon again
And I guess I'll go to the beach
To see what the story is.

And the story is:
There's no story.
Except a party out by the trail
And another damn dance.
But we've got no one to buy,
And Bill won't go to the dance
Cause last time he did—
He got a broken nose.

But it'd be okay if
I was back in third grade
Cause back in third grade
I fought
But never got a broken nose . . .

So here it is Saturday night
Date night.
And I'm out with the boys again.
It's not that I can't get a date.
Except she's in ninth grade and
Dates boys three at one time.
It's not that I'm proud
Or that I'm too good.
It's just that she's too bad.
And besides I've been spoiled
for any other girls anyway.

But it'd be okay if
I was back in tenth grade
Cause back in tenth grade
Ninth graders looked
All right . . .

It's *still* Saturday night.
Losing dies hard.
But then so does winning.
And we want to do something different
so we buy some glue
but there's a hole in the bottom
of our bag.

But it's okay because
I just got out of twelfth grade
And I remember all my Newtonian
physics

That tells all about equal and
opposite reactions . . .
And who wants to puke
nose spray?

It's finally Sunday.
Only one more day until Monday.
And I'm thinking about the girl
That used to be my girl.
But I can't think *too* hard
Or show overt emotion
Because that's sloppy
and weak
and uncool.
Besides it's too damn much
like Peyton Place
which is *really* uncool.
But that doesn't make it hurt
any less.

But it'd be okay if
I was back in ninth grade
Cause back in ninth grade
I was a TV fiend
And I knew that all those people
Making love and breaking up
and crying
Were just putting on an act . . .

So it's Sunday noon finally
And my Sunday dinner it
a baloney sandwich
without the bread.
So I guess I'll go to the beach.
She'll be there
but I can't look at her
and she can't look at me
Because you see
We have to save face
At the expense of our hearts.
But we both have to be there
Although we don't want to
Because you see
She ain't chasin' me off from
any of the places where I want

to go
just because she'll be there.

But it'd be okay if
I was back in first grade
Cause back in first grade
I didn't have any face
or heart or anything
To win or lose.

So it's late Sunday afternoon
And I'm lying in my room
and thinking.
I saw her there.
She was with her new date.
He's got a beard and blonde hair.
I guess I should date too
just to show her.
Except I don't know any girls
With beards.
I wish I could get in a wreck
That'd show her.
Except with my luck
I wouldn't die.

But it'd be okay if
I was a little kid
Cause when I was a little kid
It was romantic to get killed
But it was different then.
Because you see
When you're a little kid
You only play with
bullets and knives
and such things.

It's Sunday evening
And I can't go anywhere
Because there's no anywhere to go to.
And besides I've got no bread
or money either.
And my old lady just turned off Dylan
and called him a hare-lip.
Myffp!

But it'd be okay if
I was back in eighth grade
Cause back in eighth grade
I was a rebellious SOB
and called my mother a lot
of nasty names.
And I had the importance of
SILENCE impressed upon me
with a large hairy fist.
Now I just think
the nasty names . . .

And now it's Sunday night
and the weekend's almost over.
So I'm doing my homework
Like a good boy.
Not because I want to but because
I need the grade so I can do
good and get into college and
do good and get a good job and
get a good wife and do good for
the rest
of my life.

But it'd be okay if
I was back in kindergarten
Cause back in kindergarten
We learned that learning,
not the grade, is important.
We learned that—
One hundred times.

And now it's late Sunday night
And my mind is whirling
with creative thoughts
all about beards
and death and certain specific
atrocities.

And wild subjects for poems
like gorillas in tuxedos
and cobra-flavored ice cream
and freezing matchgirls.
So I leap out of bed
And capture all this creativity
in a certain
four-letter word.

But it'd be okay if
I was back in eleventh grade
Cause back in eleventh grade
I wasn't in twelfth grade.

So it's finally Monday and
That's great except
I just remembered
that today is a holiday
and that this is a
three-day weekend.
O frabjous day.
I'd kill myself except
that's the coward's way out
and besides
I don't have the guts.

But, dammit, even *that'd* be
okay except
I've been through thirteen
years of school
and that's long enough to know
That most funerals cost
fifteen hundred bucks.
I'm only insured
for a thousand.

Jane Spotts

SOMETHING VENTURED NOTHING GAINED

It is better to have loved and lost.
Yes, that is what they say.
But God knows that they don't mention,
The price your heart must pay.
They say look at the bright side,
Somewhere you had to gain.
But how can you look at anything,
When your eyes are closed with pain.
How much can your ego take?
How long can you squelch your pride?
It's hard to give the answer,
When you're empty all inside.
But you wander on and on through life,
Searching in the skies.
Wondering as you drop your head,
How can you count the lies?

William Mizell Sadler

CONSOLATION FROM A WARM CHAIR

He was leaving; I was arriving,
And I pushed right past him without a glance.
My goal was the farthest and darkest library cubbyhole
Which he had just vacated.
"What are they?" my mind said. "That mass of humans
outside
Never speaks, smiles or gives to you.
Why bother to try and contact apathy?"
Even the chair I intended to sit in was
Cold, stiff and uncommunicative.
Down I sat, and with amazement
I felt a warmth from that wooden chair.
Unknowingly, a stranger was sharing himself with me.
I smiled, and my reflection in the white polished table surface
said,
"You know, fool, you could be wrong."

Jane Baker

NOSTALGIA

You sit a little amused
With a half-wistful smile,
And I know that you are
Remembering . . . those early days
When life was all bright skies
 And sunlight
 And waving palms,
Remembering the beach and sand and fun
And all the laughter and the
 Sometimes cruelty of our youth.
Now that solemn look
Tells me that you are
Remembering how one day
We both awoke and stared at each other
 With silent and accusing eyes,
 Then parted.
And I thought never to see you again,
Having driven you away
With myself and my refusal
 To be what we both knew
 I must someday be.
Until one day when I cried and repented
And thought I was too late,
Then found that all the time
You had been sitting in the bus
 Waiting for me to grow up.

Jane Spotts

THE MAN IN THE BOX

Jacob stood beside his son and pulled the belt out of his pants. "Bend over!" he said. "I'm going to punish you for what you've done!"

Joseph whimpered and bent over.

"No!" she cried, and stepped in front of the child as the belt came down. It hit her right in the face. Maria's nose began to bleed and the tears welling in her eyes rolled down to mingle with the blood.

"Get out of the way!" he shouted, his voice thundering like a hammer striking metal. "He stole the eggs and he's going to be punished for it!"

"No!" she commanded. "He was hungry."

A frown crossed Jacob's face. "Hungry! We have our own eggs. There was no need to steal. Now get out of the way!" He raised his belt again, pushed her out of the way, and hit the child across the back.

"Mama!" Joseph screamed. Maria rushed to him and shielded him with her body.

"Don't hit him! Hit me for bringing him into this world!" She wiped her face with one hand, while comforting the child with the other.

"Get upstairs both of you. Pray to God to forgive you, for you have both sinned."

Maria took Joseph by the hand and led him upstairs into the bedroom. They sat on the bed.

"Come here, Pupchen," she whispered. "Let me see where your mean father hit you."

She removed his shirt and rubbed her hands over the long, red welt now visible on his back.

"Your father's the devil, He's come here to take me away from you and Abel."

"Why do you say that, Mama? Papa's not a devil."

"The man in the box told me so."

"What man in the box?" said Joseph very loudly.

"Shhhhhhhh! The one I met in heaven," she whispered very softly. "He told me yesterday that we would all turn black if we didn't wash our hands before praying."

"But, Mama . . ." he began loudly again.

"Hush, my little Joseph. Your father might hear you."

She made him wash his hands and pray. Then she undressed him and put him to bed.

"Sleep, my little angel. Mama is going to wash her hands." She laid him gently in the bed, opened the bedroom door and tiptoed into the bathroom. After washing the blood from her face, she washed her hands three times.

She looked at herself in the mirror and suddenly laughed, but with a closed mouth. Her mouth almost burst open as the laugh

trickled out in wild little snickers. She began to motion with her hands, imitating Jacob when he had hit her. She stopped, looked about, and then snickered wildly again.

She pulled the cord and the light went out. Standing in the darkness, she whispered to herself.

* * *

Jacob rose early and ate breakfast with Abel, his oldest son. Joseph was still upstairs sleeping and Maria lay awake in bed whispering.

"I'm worried about Mama. It's been over a year since she's done anything like she did yesterday. If she's starting it all over again, we'll have to put her back in the hospital."

"Dad, you can't do that! She's better off here than among all those crazy people."

"I want to keep her here just as much as you do, son."

"She's not like she was before."

"I don't know; but if she is, I'm always afraid she may really do something frightful."

"Mother wouldn't do anything like that."

Jacob sighed and said slowly, "I don't want to send her away. She's my wife, your mother. It's been only a year since she's been back. I couldn't bear to see her go again."

"I think she was just upset yesterday."

Jacob looked at his son and said, "Let's pray to God to keep her well."

They bowed their heads and prayed in silence.

Maria looked at them from behind the upstairs doorway; a solemn look was on her face.

* * *

One evening, a few days later, Joseph came downstairs to supper and said that his mother was sick in bed.

Jacob went up to see her.

When he opened the door he stopped short. Maria was glaring at him from the bed. A look of hatred was upon her face.

"What's the matter, Mama?" he asked softly. "Why aren't you coming down to supper? Is something the matter with you?"

"I can't get out of bed. You have poisoned the floor so I can't escape when they come for me. You want them to take me away. I know you do."

A tremor went through Jacob's body. "Mama, that isn't true! I want more than anything in the world to have you stay here with us. We need you and want"

"No, you want me to go!"

"That's not true, Mama! You're not sick. Why should we want you to go. No one is going to take you away from here, ever!"

"You're lying!" she pointed her finger at him. "You want to take me away. The man in the box told me so."

"No, Mama. I'm not going to take you away. Please come have supper with us."

"I'll carry you."

"No!" she suddenly screamed. "I won't go anywhere with you! You're the devil!"

"Mama, please come downstairs and eat with us. Nothing will hurt you." He took her arm and pulled her up in bed.

"No!" her voice became hysterical. "Nooooooooooooo," she screamed louder and louder and louder. Suddenly she reached up and dug her fingernails into his face. She racked them downwards, and soon the blood poured from his face.

"You are insane!" he cried. "God forgive me; I have tried!"

With that he directed his fist against her jaws and she fell unconscious on the bed.

Joseph and Abel ran upstairs and when they saw Jacob's face and Maria lying still on the bed, they both began to cry.

Tears also flowed down Jacob's face, but he made no sound. His whole body vibrated. He was crying inside.

A shudder passed through the whole room and everyone in it was suddenly aware of what would happen next.

Joseph looked with a frightened face at his father, then ran to the bed and flung his arms around his mother.

"I don't want you to go, Mama. I want you to stay here forever with us." He turned and looked with questioning eyes at Jacob.

"Mama has to go away," Jacob said as if from a great distance. "Mama is going where someone will make her well again."

Heinrich Beddich

NEW LIFE

The leaves of gold, orange and red
Come drifting down - they are dead.
But hark! Upon the lightest touch
They do impart the beginnings of . . .
A new life

The struggle, the strife
The way so difficult to attain
Through dark interiors, hard pressed -
Oppressed
But wait! The old blends with the new
In line so faint
Can you discern the division?

So minute
To magnify would be to kill a dream
The dream, the flight
From old to

New Life
Mildred Kallioinen

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF PALM BEACH JUNIOR COLLEGE

"And the rains came . . ." supposedly for forty days and forty nights (God forbid), for PBJC twelve hours sufficed.

Those endless hours brought precipitation that only a Floridian could know. The Fates alternated in "letting the stops out" and pounding the earth with watery blotches and spraying the swampy ground with a light mildew, not unlike that of a sneeze.

"Every dog has his day," is an ancient cliché; but truly the ducks took over that day! The smaller amphibians, previously in apparent hibernation, suddenly erupted into a veritable Noah's Ark, full of animals.

The professors, quite adamant at having to rent gondolas to reach their classes, were harrassed and bewildered unmercifully. Most of the instructors proceeded as usual with classes, heeding neither rain; hail; sleet; etc., only to be subdued by the belligerent belching of the innumerable toads. The sight of those cuddly little creatures hop-hop-hopping down the halls and frolicking unrestrained in the miniature Lake Osborne of the campus drew shouts of joy from some, gurgling groans from many, and the unrequited attention of all.

Some of the noble educators, surrounded by the rising tide near midday, found themselves cornered by the fiendish beasts whose croaking and snapping several times resulted in complete neurosis. Once or twice during the day one of those unfortunate cases, obviously quite demented by the traumatic experience, tried to commit suicide by leaping from the walkway into the raging tide. His actions brought great claps of laughter and many "Hurrahs!" as he dashed through the knee-deep water, trailing files of voracious frogs intent upon their prey.

One pair of teachers was seen to be playing "The Merchant of Venice" on a portable record player while poling themselves around the campus in a canoe.

The students, for the most part, were quite unconcerned, though. They knew their duty and they did it. Through the muck and slime they struggled, much like modern barefoot mailmen, only to be assaulted and ravished by the viperous man-eaters. Nonetheless, some did manage to get through; and under the direction of gallant Doctor Maynor, the scourge was eventually wiped out. We didn't know then who did it was behind that mask, but we needed him and we needed him *then*.

Charles Mauro

"THE GREATEST SIN?"

Is it wrong to love you so
That I see nothing else
Except the complete essence
Of you, yourself?

Is it wrong to want you so
That my soul cries out
To make us both as one
Complete, without a doubt?

Is it wrong to need you so
That your very presence supplies
The components of my existence
Making my heart, for joy, cry?

If this is wrong, then I
Am guilty of the greatest sin—
For all of these are me
And God's forgiveness may I win.

If this is wrong then so is Life
For to me, this is you—
The very essence of Life and Love
My whole being, begun anew.

You're here amidst my heart and soul,
The greatest part of me.
Without you, there would be no Life
If this is wrong— so let it be.

Linda Eller

ON CATHY

Curled smoke and music:
the silent session of thought
of you and I, friends.

Angeline Albertson

HAPPINESS IN A TRAGEDY

I was in a pit of confusion, darkness and piggishness. I tried to climb out. It was a fight but I made it. The smell was gone. I was strong again in body and mind, but I did not like the change or the sight so I fell back in.

What kind of pit was it? That of drunkenness, sorrow, depression and laziness. The piggishness was that of my appearance, way of talk and the room I kept. The confusion was that of where I was going. My attitudes of life kept changing. People and things were passing me by but I did not care, I thought. The darkness—Oh, the darkness! I did not know where things were, why they were, or what they were. I was weak. I would buy cigarettes and wine instead of food. These elements were deteriorating my body and strangling my mind.

My confusion made the decision to get out of this horror. I started my climb. I quit drinking. I quit smoking. I started working with weights. My hazed mind left me so I started doing my homework and doing it right. My appearance changed. I cared about what people thought. I wanted to impress them. I wore good clothes and socks and they thought I was drunk. People no longer wanted me because I was not myself. I could not stand myself so like a fool but a contented one I fell back into my pit.

Joey Allen

HAIKUS

Rain dropping sudden
Erodes my soul. Is the sky dark
Or is my sight dim?

The world is asleep.
The sea is cool, but the sand
Is too hot to cross.

Terilyn Bias

QUIET PASSING

Affection I hold within my hands,
With heart upon the sea,
And love in every tree and rock
Unite and fall on thee.

When you touch the surpliced hands,
And look on downcast eyes,
The fingers stretch forever up
And point to nowhere sky.

Barren youth and barren age
And barren death I face.
There is no hope of hungering,
Of tender souls' embrace:

Water, stone, and flower mourn
For love that died while yet unborn.

Angeline Albertson

MANY MEN

Remember my son, in your dealings with others,
That many men are like the graveyard thorn
Which we destroyed, or thought we had, when you were ten.
It has been three years since we cut it down,
And you have been three years killing sprouts
That grew from its countless roots, and thorny stump.

I was up there yesterday on Graveyard Hill
and cut a thorn from your cousin's stone.

There will be men, who, like the thorn, will root,
And feed off your past, present, and future
Even though what they need is most holy to you.
They will break your stone for their well being,
And continue to sprout their honeyed schemes
Faster and longer than your knife can cut.

Humphrey Childers

MOODY SHADES OF EMOTION

Heard you're feeling blue
and your world is turning gray
Thought your woman was true
now your mind can't escape that haze
of blues, purples, and grays
that combine for your broken rainbow
to make up a certain notion
that you're suffering from the moody shades of emotion.

Yes they take your mind
and open the doors of corruption
And the bad feelings interwind
to bring your heart to near destruction.

Heard you're feeling better
and your world is a cool green
Said she wrote you a letter
now your mind is picking up the scheme
of orange, yellow, and green
to make for a colorful scene
using the sun as your potion
to be brightened by the moody shades of emotion.

Yes they take your mind
and shove it full of laughter
And the good feeling interwind
to bring your heart a wreath of rapture.

Heard she walked through your door
and your world is glowing
Said hello, you almost hit the floor
now your mind is flowing
with pinks, roses, and reds
that burst into a shocking expression
to bring on the joy of a love potion
that heightens the moody shades of emotion.

Yes they take your mind
and start an explosion
Of light feelings which interwind
to bring on a mountain of loving emotion.

Richard Vidulich

